

CHAPMAN'S MISTAKES

His Last Outbreak Is Discountenanced by Members of the Police Board.

A Long List of Bad Blunders Stands to the Discredit of the Ruler of the Tenderloin Precinct.

SOME OF CAPTAIN CHAPMAN'S RECENT MISTAKES.

Raid of the Newmarket, in which 250 indiscriminate arrests of men and women were made. All of the prisoners were released when arraigned in Jefferson Market Court next morning.

Closing of the coffee house conducted by Mrs. Fanny Mainherdt, of No. 139 West Twenty-fifth street. A suit for damages for \$10,000 was the result of this action.

The attempt to push a case for grand larceny against Cora Routt, who had been a witness against him in the Seelye dinner case.

The wholesale arrests of girls and women found on the streets at night, many of whom have been released by Magistrate Kudlich this week.

"SOMETHING IS WRONG."

If I could put detectives in certain precincts and had the money to keep them there, I could break half a dozen captains. * * * I know that a good many such places (disorderly houses) are running now, some of them in the Tenderloin, but I don't see any great activity in getting rid of them. The report of business will never do. Something is wrong.—From a statement made by President Moss, of the Board of Police Commissioners.

The repeated raids ordered by Captain George S. Chapman in the Tenderloin the week last in which women have been the objects of his official wrath, prompt the outcry, "How long will he be endured?"

Eyen Chairman Moss, of the Police Board, said voluntarily at an attempted meeting of the Board yesterday:

"I want to say a word on the subject of the recent wholesale arrests of women, even if there is no meeting. I have seen it stated in the papers that the Police Commissioners had ordered these raids. If any such order has been given, I don't know of it, and certainly do not approve of it. Our position, as I understand it, is to forbid wholesale arrests of women. Considered as a check upon the social evil it amounts to nothing."

The mistakes of Chapman would fill a volume. They are made almost every day in the month. Many of them are exposed in the police courts, others in higher courts, but the great majority of them are never allowed to reach the light at all. Time and time again he has been discomfited by the courts. Suits for damages have been brought against him by victims of his peculiar methods of "scurrying" it in the precinct over which he has control. Already he has been the subject of one famous trial before the Police Board. It seems only a matter of time before he must be again ordered before that tribunal on charges.

Following close upon the heels of the Seelye dinner, came the complaint of Mrs. Fanny Mainherdt, proprietress of a coffee house in Chapman's district. She has instructed her counsel, H. W. Leonard, to bring suit for \$10,000 damages against Chapman for interfering with and breaking up her business. In her affidavit she declares she received the notices in West Twenty-fifth street and fitted them up at a cost of \$200. The place was open and free to inspection. She had no beer or liquors in it.

How Mrs. Mainherdt was Ruined.

For ten days, Mrs. Mainherdt says, she was undisturbed, but one night Captain Chapman walked in when the room was full of customers and ordered her to send away the girls who were assisting her in the work. One of these young women was employed as a waitress, the other as a dishwasher. In order to avoid trouble she obeyed the command. An hour later, when the place was still crowded, Chapman returned, and told her to close it up. This she refused to do. For two succeeding days the order was repeated, but in each instance she refused to submit to it.

Then, so she says, a policeman was stationed at the door, and every one who attempted to enter the place was warned not to do so, and told that it was a disorderly house. The police watch was continued in front of her door day after day, and her business finally died out. She declares that Captain Chapman's language and manner at the time he told her to close up was brutal and insulting in the extreme.

Shortly after the announcement that Mrs. Mainherdt would bring suit against Captain Chapman, he made the famous raid upon Corey's Newmarket, in which 250 indiscriminate arrests were made. All of the prisoners were promptly discharged next morning in the Jefferson Market Court and the raid became a laughing stock.

Three suits for damages against Chapman grew out of this affair. One was for \$10,000 and brought in the name of Edward H. Corey, proprietor of the Newmarket. A second was for \$2,000, and brought by Elizabeth Raymond, colored woman, who was scrubbing in a part of the building away from the dance hall, and who, as a result of her imprisonment, contracted a cold that developed pneumonia and kept her ill for a long time. The third suit threatened in this connection is on behalf of a plaintiff who gave his name as "John Smith," and who stands in Corey's saloon, which he had entered for the purpose of getting a glass of beer, was arrested with the other occupants of the saloon, and he said he didn't know there was a dance hall in the place.

Sought Revenge on a Woman.

Chapman's next notable mistake was his effort to "get even" with Cora Routt, for the part she had played as a witness in the Seelye dinner investigation. After the arrest of the girl on a charge of grand larceny he showed his vindictiveness, but the case was contemptuously dismissed by the Grand Jury after listening to the testimony of Captain Chapman and his men.

As a matter of fact, Captain Chapman is viewed with suspicion and distrust by the courts, the District Attorney, the Grand Jury, petit juries and all court officials with whom he comes in contact. He is considered a Jonah of the worst type, and during the sixteen months that he has held sway over the Tenderloin has gotten himself generally disliked and more universally ridiculed than any other captain who has ever been in charge of that precinct.

The manner in which Magistrate Kudlich, sitting in Jefferson Market Police Court,

SAVING CHILDREN

PREVENT A PANIC.

School Boys and Girls Chorus "America" While the Flames Crackle.

THEN THEY MARCH OUT.

Women in a Laight Street Factory Terror-Stricken and Have to Be Forced Out.

BIG BUILDING LEFT IN RUINS.

Nearly the Entire Fire Department Below Forty-second Street Summoned Before the Flames Were Extinguished.

A fire which shot out its first red tongue of flame in the big seven-story factory building at the northeast corner of Greenwich and Laight streets at about half-past 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, left only blackened, crumbling walls and great heaps of ashes. It spread panic among the 170 men and women employed in the building and nearly frightened to death the 250 pupils of Primary School No. 11, at Nos. 21 and 23 Vestry street.

A stampede among the 250 little ones was only averted by the coolness of their principal, Miss Frances Constock. The children fell in line by her order, and while she played the piano sang "America" until quiet was restored. Then they were marched out in good order to a place of safety.

At the start the flames almost got beyond the control of the firemen, because at the time the first alarm was rung in, the engines were at another fire, in Franklin street.

Nearly the entire Fire Department service below Forty-second street was called out. Inspector Allaire, Captain Cross and the reserves from eight police precincts were soon on the ground. Traffic was suspended on both elevated and surface roads in Greenwich street for hours, and adjacent thoroughfares were filled with a jumble of trucks and cursing truckmen. The Redwood Mills and New Yorker were also summoned.

Firemen Totally Eclipsed.

The fierce flames produced the thickest, most impenetrable smoke that the firemen have experienced in many a long day. Both firemen and building were completely blotted out by the dense clouds that were flung about by a stiff breeze.

The building, which the fire entirely gutted, is built of brick and extends about fifty feet on Greenwich street and 100 feet on Laight street. The six upper stories were occupied by the J. K. Dietz Company, manufacturers of metal lamps, lanterns and gas stoves. The ground floor stores were occupied by Benjamin Dreyfus & Co., dealers in California wines, and Ripley, a dealer in motors. Adjoining the building on the east and forming a bonded warehouse of Walker & Williams, in which are stored hundreds of barrels of spirits, which were consigned yesterday a point of danger which the firemen kept constantly in view.

No one connected with the Dietz Company could tell how the fire originated. Some thought it was due to the burning of a lamp stove used to heat varnish in one of the small rooms on the third floor. The first alarm was sounded at 1:05 o'clock by the automatic thermostatic bell of Frederick Meese, the shipping clerk for the Dietz Company, which was situated at the corner of the street and rung an alarm. Meese then re-entered the burning building, and bounding up the stairs, spread the alarm.

Girls in a Panic.

The girls operatives employed by the Dietz Company were huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep on the fourth floor. They would listen to Detectives Garzan and O'Donohue. Some of them ran to the windows, which they threw open as if warning which way across the street to flee. The fire spread with marvellous rapidity, and driving the firemen back step by step.

Kitchen the Only Victim.

The pathetic incident of the occasion was furnished by a small Maltese kitten. After every other living being had left the burning building it made a pitiful plea from the coping of one of the fourth-story windows. The kitten seemed to measure the distance to the sidewalk, and at the moment it hesitated one of the big streams playing upon the Laight street side of the building struck back into the fire, and away it spun back into the fiery furnace.

Adjoining the building, on the Greenwich street side, are the stables and carriage store establishment of E. J. Follmer, in which eleven horses were when the fire started. Herman Menning and Matthew Fischer got the horses out with much difficulty. After they had been taken they became unmanageable, and ran about the streets, scattering the crowd in every direction.

His Fellow Workman Saved Himself by Clutching the End of a Rope.

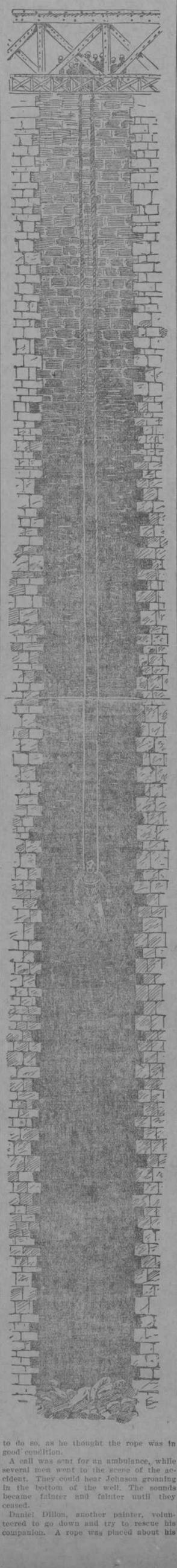
URING the busy hours, and while the Brooklyn Bridge was crowded with pedestrians yesterday, an accident occurred through the carelessness of one of the men employed on the big structure as a painter which resulted in his own death and a narrow escape for another.

It was shortly before 11 o'clock, at the tower on the Brooklyn side of the Bridge, Thomas Johnson, of Valley Stream, L. I., and David Abraham, also a painter, were at work in the well of the tower, painting the trestle work over which the cars run. One of the ropes that held the scaffolding suddenly gave way, and Johnson fell shrieking to the bottom of the well, a distance of about 125 feet. He struck on the solid concrete foundation and was almost instantly killed.

Abraham, who was on the other side of the scaffolding, saved himself by seizing the rope and pulling himself up through the trestle. The rope that parted had shown signs of rustiness several days ago, and Johnson had been ordered by the master painter to replace it. He neglected

FELL IN THE BRIDGE TOWER.

Thomas Johnson, a Painter, Plunged 125 Feet to Death—Scaffolding Rope Parted.



DAMP SHEETS CANCELLED BILL.

So Said Mrs. Acker to the Imperial Hotel Manager.

CAUGHT COLD, SHE CLAIMS

Not Only Refuses to Pay the Bill, but Now Wants Damages.

CASE COMES UP IN COURT TO-DAY.

The Hotel Manager Declares It Was Roof Garden Trips, Not Damp Sheets, That Caused the Fair Guest's Illness.

June 8 to 25, two rooms at \$7 per day	\$123.00
June 10 to 15, one room at \$4 per day	72.00
Restaurant charges	16.00
Bar charges	19.30
Carriage furnished for theatres, shopping and calling on friends	42.50
Charges for papers	1.11
Charges for messages	11.53
Charges for medicines	8.85
Postage stamps	.05
Cigars	.20
Total	\$381.86

When the above bill was presented to Mrs. Emma C. Acker by Manager Dunlap, of the Imperial Hotel, payment was refused by her on the ground that she had contracted a severe illness because of the sheets supplied by the management being damp.

Mrs. Acker is the daughter-in-law of Mr. Frederick Acker, head of the firm of Acker, Merrill & Condit. Her husband died a few years ago, leaving her a fortune estimated at between \$75,000 and \$100,000. Henry P. Whitaker, of the Imperial Hotel, has brought suit against her for the amount of the bill and she has set up a counter claim of \$2,000 for damages sustained to her health by reason of the damp sheets. The case will come up before Justice Van Wyck in the City Court to-day.

Mrs. Acker is described as a large and handsome woman of about thirty-eight years. After the death of her husband she occupied handsome apartments in West Fifty-seventh street until June 8, 1896, when she established herself at the Imperial with a nurse and friend.

She remained at the hotel until June 27, when, having announced her intention to start for the country, Manager Dunlap sent her a memorandum of her account. In lieu of the expected check Mrs. Acker sent the manager a note, in which she begged to inform him that she had no intention of paying the bill, in as much as she had contracted a severe illness by reason of the "damp sheets" supplied by the management. Some time subsequently she sent Manager Dunlap, through her attorney, a check on the New Amsterdam Bank for the amount of the restaurant charges. This check was returned.

Manager Dunlap said in a note that the claim of Mrs. Acker that she caught cold by sleeping on damp sheets was preposterous. "All the laundry work is done at the National," he said, "and the linen is handled so often, by the time it reaches here it could not possibly be damp. Besides, Mrs. Acker insisted on using her own linen, so that there was always a double supply. She was ill when she came here, but went out to roof gardens and on carriage rides against her physician's advice."

POSTAL TUBES IN SIGHT.

Under Mitholland's Contract He Must Have the Pneumatic System Ready Here by October.

Washington, June 23.—Word has been received at the Post Office Department that work on the proposed pneumatic tube system for New York City will soon be begun. The contract, which was secured by John E. Mitholland, at \$148,000, requires the system to be ready for operation by October.

The principal details of the scheme have been decided upon, but the exact route of the tubes will be subject to regulation by the local Board of Public Works. Two tubes eight inches in diameter will be operated from the station at the Post Office and Exchange to the main office and the other from Station H, opposite the Forty-second street depot, to the main office. The tube from Station H will be connected with the sub-station at Madison square and two other stations on the route not yet decided upon, but the one from the Produce Exchange will have no connections.

BIKER'S FALL STARTS A FIRE.

Matches in His Pocket Ignited and Soon His Coat Was Aflame.

A bicyclist set himself on fire in Elizabeth, N. J., yesterday by falling off his wheel.

He had some matches and a knife in one of his pockets that came under him when he struck the ground. The friction set off the matches and the ignited handle of the knife caught fire, burning his hand through the coat and falling to the street in a blaze.

The coat was aflame by this time, but the biker was extinguished before the wheelman could be burned.

A Brave Companion Was Lowered to the Bottom of the Well for the Body.

shoulders and he was lowered down into the hole with a block and tackle. The rigging and tackle stopped the trains from running for about half an hour. Dillon placed the rope about Johnson's body, and the living and the dead were drawn up. Dillon was almost unconscious from the accumulation of gases in the bottom of the hole.

Johnson's body was removed to the Bridge Police Station, where it was found that, besides internal injuries, he had received a compound fracture on the left side of the skull. It was thought he died almost instantly. Johnson was forty-five years old and leaves a wife and three children. He had been employed on the bridge for several years, and was considered a very careful man. Yet when the remains were taken to the police station the order telling him to put new ropes on the scaffold was found in his pocket.

David Abraham, the other painter who was with Johnson when the accident occurred, was sent to his home, at No. 223 Thirty-fourth street, Brooklyn, as he was suffering from shock.

NEW BOXING CLUB IS HESITATING.

The Manager Postpones Opening Night Bouts for "Things to Quiet Down."

Four Clubs Have Surrendered Since the Journal Began Its Crusade Against Brutality, and the New One Is Not Likely to Start.

Clubs That Have Quit.

- Polo Athletic Club.
- National Athletic Club.
- Palace Athletic Club.
- Arena Athletic Club.

Bouts Postponed.

- Nilsson Hall Athletic Club.

One of the greatest troubles will be in finding a suitable place in which to pull the fight off. These fakirs and their shows have run the legitimate into the ground. The public has been duped so often by fakirs that they are ready to call the turn on the whole business. Why, there are only one or two decent clubs in this city—the others are mushrooms, and these latter do all the harm.

"There is not half as much danger, nor brutality, either, in a good stand-up glove fight as there is in a game of football. I think statistics will bear me out. These fakirs have crowded into almost every State in the Union until now people don't know what a good glove contest is."—John L. Sullivan in an interview on his prospective fight with Fitzsimmons.

A new so-called athletic club was to have held three boxing bouts at No. 132 East Fifteenth street last night. They were not held. In fact not since the Police Board lent its official indorsement to the Journal's crusade against brutality has a single fight been allowed to take place within the limits of New York City.

For several weeks past advertisements have announced that a new athletic club to be known as the Nilsson Hall Athletic Club would be opened last night with three exciting matches. J. C. Daly, an all-around athlete, was declared to be the manager. The hall at No. 132 East Fifteenth street was formerly used by German societies for athletic exhibitions. It has re-

FIVE YEARS OLD AND AN EXPLODER.

Alexander, Alone on a Bicycle, Travelled for Twelve Hours.

Alexander, five years old, whom the gods protect, son of Francis Kirkwood, who never travelled, because, as he says, "All travellers agree in the opinion that the pleasure of going away is in coming back," has had an Odyssey of twelve hours. He related it yesterday with the simplicity of Homer.

Alexander's mother was at work in the kitchen Tuesday morning, a little before the lunch hour. He asked if he might go out on his bicycle. "Yes," she said, "but don't go beyond the cobblestones," for the cobblestones are the pillars of Hercules of the children who live on the transverse streets paved with asphalt. "Don't go beyond the cobblestones" means "Don't cross the avenues."

Alexander's face was washed, his hair was brushed, his ruffled shirt was white. "What comes after the cobblestones, mamma?" he asked. "Cable cars, carts, bad boys, a great deal of harm," Mrs. Kirkwood replied, and she kissed on the forehead her little Alexander, who was always obedient. "I want a long ride, mamma," he said. "Yes, in front of the house, up and down, until I call you," she replied with a smile.

He went out of the house, which is at No. 205 East Twentieth street, and when he had ridden a minute or less Third avenue stopped him. "Cobblestones," he said to himself, and he rode back. "Oh, what a short ride," he said. "What comes after the cobblestones?" A little boy who knew him replied, "No more cobblestones."

Tenderly, little Alexander, dismounting, rolled his bicycle over the cobblestones, as the tracks of the cable cars, and, finding asphalt on the other side of the avenue, he rode again. He rode by Gramercy Park, the trees of which amazed him; passed by Irving place without a desire to explore it, and reached Fourth avenue, where he dismounted because of the cold. He crossed the avenue as he had crossed the other; but here he saw an ocean of cobblestones. East Twentieth street is a mile and a half wide. Fourth avenue is twenty-five feet wide. There he turned to the west, like the Star of Empire, and along he went. He rode up and down the block wildly, joyfully, as unconscious of hunger and fatigue as a feather in a whirlwind. A policeman stopped him with interest for an hour, at the end of which he said to himself, "That child should be in bed."

"What comes after the cobblestones?" he asked of the child. "Alle Kirkwood," the child replied. "Where do you live?" The child did not know. The policeman took him to West Twelfth street Station, where there was an alarm for Police Headquarters for a child on a bicycle. It was midnight in an hour Alexander was in his mother's arms, happy to see her, to eat and to go to bed.

CUPID'S WORK AWRY.

Mrs. James B. Stetson Among the Many Seeking to Untie the Matrimonial Knot.

Justice Pryor, in the Supreme Court, yesterday heard testimony in an undefended action for divorce brought by Mrs. Agnes Stetson. Her husband, James B. Stetson, is widely known in the hotel business. He has been cashier and manager for many of the best known hostleries in this and other cities, including the Murray Hill.

When she met the hotel man she was Agnes Hampton, a daughter of the Hemphills of Philadelphia. After their marriage they moved to New York. Mrs. Stetson names as co-respondent Mrs. Lina Forster, a former intimate friend, against whom she recently brought an action for alienation of her husband's affection. Before Justice Pryor yesterday Mrs. Stetson's lawyer, Charles H. Goldthwait, was plaintiff in an action for divorce. Her counsel was a woman, Clara M. Foster. The Justice said that he was inclined to grant the decree, but desired first to look over the papers. He complimented Miss Foltz on the way she conducted the case.

Oliver B. Stout, of No. 257 West Fourth street, was granted a divorce from Ida Stout.

Before Justice Pryor a decree of divorce to Mrs. Lillian Simpson from Archibald Simpson, both are theatrical people. Elsie Waring sought a divorce from William R. Waring. Decisions were reserved.

Mrs. Grace F. Welch, wife of David Welch, the lawyer, of No. 35 Nassau street, was yesterday awarded \$20 a week alimony and \$250 counsel fee pending the trial of an action brought against her by her husband for the nullification of her marriage. Mrs. May Bell Hartman obtained an

Men's Blue Serge Suits at \$4.45.

Thursday is usually a dull day in the clothing business, but Kluge, the great clothing merchant, has today tested the men's fine blue serge suits at \$4.45, real value \$12. These suits are made 34 to 44 broad measure, and are of double-breasted, and \$4.45 is the price to-day only, so don't expect to get one after 6 o'clock this evening. Kluge, the well-known clothier, corner Broadway and Park place. This is our only New York Store. Men's Office Cloak, 27c-45c. Adv.